

THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

—NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

Vol. II.

CINCINNATI, OCTOBER 23, 1824.

No. 17.

REVIEW.

KRUITZNER; OR, THE GERMAN'S TALE. By
Harriet Lee. New York, 1823.

Many valuable objects are embraced by the modern trade of reviewing. Among them, though of minor consideration compared with criticism and the dissemination of just sentiments and correct taste, is that of presenting to the public, in a condensed form, those works of refined and powerful interest, which are not in general circulation. The individual, possessing one of these, if he furnish but a simple abstract, in an agreeable way, adds something to the stock of local literature, and much to the amusement of the little world around him. Such is the nature of the book before us, and the remarks which follow.

Of "The German's Tale, Kruitzner," it may be esteemed no poor praise, that it was a favorite of Lord Byron, and upon it was founded his celebrated Tragedy of Werner.*

The great principle, inculcate by this interesting and highly moral story, is **FILIAL OBEDIENCE**. The absence of this principle, from a mind otherwise correct and greatly endowed, leads to a life of error, and consequent misery. It is an extreme case; but there are not wanting such characters in different degrees, in every-day life. Indeed, it has been remarked by foreigners, that in America particularly, the want of filial respect is a peculiar trait. Young people are apt to forget, that they owe to their parents not only their being, but all they possess. They are sufficiently ready to consider their numerous privileges as their own by hereditary right, and the advantages of a liberal education, which they owe to parental indulgence, as giving them a claim to disregard parental authority. Few feel the full amount of the obligation till they are parents themselves, and then, indeed, they feel it in its full force. Every young man should reflect, that in proportion as he honors and reverences his father, he insures to himself the respect and confidence of society; that even if the parent have failings, it is not for the son to expose them. The spirit of that beautiful senti-

ment of Moore, condemned by some, because not understood.

"I know not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart,
"I but know that I love thee whatever thou art."
should always be felt as the governing impression of his mind.

False notions of personal independence are extremely prevalent among the young men of the present day, and lead to innumerable errors. That abstract idea of individual right, which renounces the obligations of child, of man to man, of moral and social order, leads to the worst kind of slavery,—the slavery of vice. True independence consists in performing well the relative duties of life, and true dignity in never stooping to crime.

The only son of Count Siegendorf, a Bohemian nobleman, was born under the happiest auspices. Adored by his father, a man of lofty and generous character, no pains were spared to engrave upon the naturally fine powers of his mind all those acquirements which embellish life and make the man useful. The partial eye of the father beheld in the son the promise of future excellence.

"The person of the young Count was early formed. The hardy exercises to which he was habituated, rendered it vigorous and manly. His features were fine; his voice commanding; and he had a loftiness of demeanor, which seemed the expression of a noble soul.

"To this character of person, that of his mind, however, did not correspond. He had rather *pride* than *dignity*; and, unhappily, that very failing, which, when it springs from a consciousness of noble descent, sometimes becomes the source of noble actions, had on him a very opposite effect; for he was proud, not of his ancestors, but of himself. His mind had not vigor enough to trace causes in their effects. The splendor, therefore, which the united efforts of education, fortune, rank, and the merits of his progenitors threw around him, was early mistaken for a personal gift, a sort of emanation proceeding from the lustre of his own endowments, and for which, as he believed he was indebted to nature, he resolved not to be accountable to *man*. By feelings like these, the grand principles of filial duty and affection could not fail to be undermined; and reasoning progressive-

ly upon this system, every new distinction, which advancing life necessarily brought with it, nourished the secret fault of his nature. He never paused to inquire what he could have made himself had he been born in any rank but that he filled. He was distinguished; he saw it, he felt it; he was persuaded he should ever be so; and while yet a youth, in the house of his father, dependent on his paternal affection, and entitled to demand credit of the world for what he was to be, he secretly looked down on that world as made only for him.

"When nature and education seemed to have done their part, and the important one of man was to commence, how was his father shocked and astonished to find all that should have led to generous emulation or heroic virtue perverted solely to the purposes of self-indulgence and voluptuous dissipation. Willingly, however, did the tender parent allow for the force of temptations which youth seldom wholly withstand. He depended on the innate virtues of his son to arrest their progress after a certain period, and on his own paternal authority finally, to subdue them: but the young Count, wanton with prosperity, was little disposed to pause in the career of his pleasures; and the first pointed reprimand of his father conveyed to the latter that most afflicting of all pangs, a conviction that his reprimands would for the future be fruitless. With trembling uncertainty he ventured to probe deeper into the heart of his son, and learned to shrink before the fearful apprehension of seeing himself despised there. It was now time to assert his own claims."

The young man was appointed to several important trusts in the army, Bohemia being then engaged in a war; but the love of pleasure ever usurped the place of the love of glory, and nothing but disgrace ensued. The almost untiring patience of the fond father was at length exhausted, though not till after repeated and ineffectual efforts to reclaim his self-sufficient and disdainful son, had been perseveringly tried. "He now loudly and vehemently proclaimed his intention to renounce that son, if he delayed to return to the path of honor. He did delay, till reconciliation was no longer practicable, and the whole weight of his father's indignation was ready to fall upon him."

* See the Preface of that Tragedy.

Still unsubdued, though somewhat humbled, after exhausting all his private resources in the dissipation of the court of Saxony, he became a wanderer, changing his name, having virtue enough still lingering in his heart to wish to spare his father a further pang. It was in the city of Hamburg that he first met with his guardian angel in the form of a *beautiful young female*. Moneyless, dejected, and wasted with sickness, he took lodgings in an obscure quarter. It chanced that a poor Italian noble, devoted to philosophical pursuits, with his only daughter, occupied the next apartments, being obliged to seek refuge from the persecution to which such characters were at that time exposed. Though a philosopher, "he had yet an eye for the human countenance, and a heart for human feelings." Poverty and misfortune, though from different sources, gave the neighbors a mutual sympathy. The young invalid, friendless and unknown, was an object of interest.

"To the simple courtesies of life, which spring spontaneously from the heart, the young man, amidst all his varied experience, had yet been a stranger; and they made therefore a singular impression upon his. Insensibly he permitted civility to advance into slight but social intercourse; and it was on one of these occasions that he first beheld Josephine. Though then in the very flower of youth, she was hardly so handsome as she afterwards became. She had the Italian dignity of features, a chaste simplicity of manner, together with an understanding, which it seemed the privilege of her heart to develope, and which, like her person, received from that, its last and most touching charm. Her beauty was not overlooked by the Count, but his heart and his passions were alike joyless and inert. To his pallid imagination life was already vapid. He believed he had exhausted its prime sources of pleasure, love, friendship, and flattery; yet he did not quit the humble hearth of Michelli and his daughter, without carrying away with him the recollection of faces and voices, which, though they spake not absolutely the language of either, yet seemed in sweet alliance with all."

The young and innocent Josephine, in the simplicity of her nature, dreamed not of love. She joined in the hospitable and humane attentions of her father, because their hearts knew but one impulse. *Filial duty was her law*. It was not long, however, before a mutual passion was confessed, and the young people were married; but O! how badly matched! Michelli and his daughter knew nothing of their favorite, when they adopted him to their bosoms. They thought they saw him amiable. Simple and ingenuous themselves, they looked not for duplicity in others. Selfishness still ruled the heart of Kruitzner, as we must

now call him, though it did not appear at the present crisis. How could it under the influence of such heavenly companions? Nearly six years of tranquil happiness glided on, and when the ungrateful son of Siegendorf realized a *father's feelings*, he recollects that he had himself a father. He even ventured to sue to that father for forgiveness and restoration to favor. He wrote to him with contrition, mingled with pride. He became gloomy and thoughtful, restless and anxious. His wife perceived the change, and was alarmed at its influence, but knew not his history, nor understood, as yet, his character. How uncomfortable, how cruel, how degrading, to keep from the heart most interested, that knowledge which so much concerns it! But Kruitzner commenced life with a false step. "The love of Josephine was a generous, tender, and genuine feeling, that looked out in her eyes, and spoke in her voice, but no thought infirm altered her cheek. It was a feeling that would have gone through the world with a deserving object, and encountered without shrinking every sorrow that world might inflict: but it would have withered before the breath of disgrace.

"Where the error of her choice had been Josephine was at loss to discover, but she felt that she had erred. Gifted as her husband appeared by nature, graced by education, passionately attached to her, suitable in years, and accordant in tastes, she yet became painfully sensible that she was mismatched. Long, indeed, might she have sought the cause, for no feeling in her own bosom had ever yet taught her, that a mind, ill at peace with itself, must inevitably scatter a blight on the minds of all around."

Kruitzner at length committed the depressing secret to his friends, and suspicion first entered their bosoms, the remote expression of which stirred up his rebellious spirit against his father-in-law. It was natural to expect that he who failed so grossly in the duties of one relation should not prove exemplary in that of another. Could he desert the lovely female who received and cherished him in the hour of misfortune? No. He was not a *villain*. He tenderly loved Josephine and her son, and respected the good Michelli, though he could not brook the slightest control from either. It is delightful to observe the steady and purifying influence of female gentleness and devotion. Even the fiery temper of Kruitzner was always tamed by the presence of his better angel, though she dared not to expostulate with him. Hearing nothing from his father, Kruitzner determined on a personal interview with him; but fearing the intervention of his family, he set off secretly, sending his farewell from the next town, couched in the most affectionate terms. He arrived at the place where he hoped to find a letter from his fa-

ther. The letter was there, and granted him a full pardon on condition of amendment; an easy condition, one would suppose, after so much suffering. But the dormant passion again burst out. The condition was not fulfilled. His too great joy spent itself in immoderate dissipation. Forgetting every increased obligation, in violation of every sacred duty, he fell into various excesses, resigning himself entirely to the love of pleasure. Thus he was again cast off, disinherited, forbidden to enter the limits of Bohemia, much more his father's presence. An annual revenue was, however allowed him, and his son, the little Conrad, adopted, on condition that his parents should never see him. How hard now his fate! To remain for ever *only the son of Michelli*, was to his proud soul the greatest of evils. But this was not his alternative. The good Michelli was no more. He was spared by death the misery of witnessing the increased sufferings of his patient and heroic daughter.

They continued to live on, the wretched Kruitzner becoming, from his miserable reflections and his self-reproving conscience, morose and abstracted; and the gentle Josephine endeavoring, by the most delicate attentions, to soothe her husband into forgetfulness and happiness. She had never aspired to affluence and distinction, and therefore missed them not. Another son, Marcellin, supplied the place of Conrad in her affections. She would, with aching fondness, press him to her bosom, and strive to find in rectitude and hope a balm for evils she saw no rational mode of relieving.

It would be tedious to the reader to conduct him through the various scenes and conflicts of this unhappy family, occasioned by poverty (that greatest of all evils except crime,) sickness, and remorse of conscience. The little stipend was suddenly stopped; Count Siegendorf was dead; and the Baron Stralenheim appeared as his heir; nothing reached them from Conrad; the whole country was devastated with war; and it was the middle of a severe winter. At this critical juncture, the wretched Kruitzner determined to fly to Bohemia, and make a desperate struggle for his long lost rights. He set off with his little family, under all these embarrassments, impelled by despair. Overwhelmed by a complication of evils, and pursued, as he believed, by an unrelenting destiny, in a state of perfect despondence and wretchedness, he was compelled to stop in a miserable town in Silesia, where he lingered long with a fever. Here he was driven by poverty to seek shelter in the dilapidated wing of an old castle. His evil genius, the Baron, followed him even to this abode of wretchedness, hoping by some intrigue, favored by the disastrous times, to secure in a prison for life, the only obstacle between himself and the es-

tates of Siegendorf. And here too, their long lost Conrad, bringing to the hearts of his despairing parents a ray of hope and happiness, also appeared.

"All they had lost, all they had desired, all, for the pursuit of which they had steeped themselves in poverty and sorrow, vanished before the feeling which now took possession of their bosoms; while Conrad, pressing to his heart the little Marcellin, concealed his face in the bosom of the smiling boy, as if he found in this new and unsuspected tie a tender medium through which to announce his own sensibility.

"It was long since Josephine had seen the sunshine of her husband's eyes, and the snatches with which it now illuminated his countenance called forth all the brightness of hers. In the garb of poverty, under the roof of dependence, shrouded as it were in sorrow and suffering, the native dignity and charms of both prevailed. The exterior of Conrad, though seen only by the imperfect light which the fire diffused through their spacious apartment, was yet grand, commanding, impressive, beyond even what his father had ever been. His person, though tall, was yet vigorous and full. It seemed cast in the mould of a hero, and had nothing to do with the common and every-day race of men. The contour of his head and throat was singularly powerful and striking. It presented that bold outline sometimes formed in a moment of inspiration by the chisel of a master, and which the connoisseur or physiognomist alike seizes upon as exclusively his own.

The strength of the features was, however, subdued by the soft glow and flexible muscles of youth. His mind and manners seemed in unison with this character of his person, and had a tone of daringness and resolution that bespoke him formed for extraordinary enterprises. The Count gazed on him in silence, and a thousand bright visions of honorable distinction and happiness, forever annihilated in his own person, insensibly revived in that of Conrad. The gloomy present faded before the perspective of the future; and by the strange but natural magic of the affections, Siegendorf tasted a few moments of a felicity so exquisite, that nothing was wanting but the conviction that his son *esteemed* him to render it perfect."

But transient was this happiness. A scene of mystery here opens. The Baron, who was lodged in the still habitable part of the castle, occupied by the Intendant of the Prince, is robbed, is murdered! Suspicion rested on Kruitzner; there was a secret communication between his apartments and those of the Baron. He did indeed take his *gold*, (what will not poverty and famine tempt to!) but not his *life*. It now became necessary to fly; and after much difficulty, much delay, much struggling with

necessity, he arrived at Prague, and took possession of his paternal dominions. Now the reader will conclude, the reinstated Count of Siegendorf (the late Kruitzner) and the amiable Josephine, all their trials over, were at last happy. But it was not so to be. An inevitable destiny still followed them. The aching consciousness of a sullied mind, an indefinite remorse, were mixed with the inheritance of Siegendorf. "A sort of secret fore-knowledge, which is in fact, only a nice calculation made by the feelings, before we permit it to become an operation of the judgment, already corroded that distinguished lot which fortune seemed to have prepared for him."

It was necessary, in order to save him from the suspicion of being an accessory to a crime from which the mind of the Count shrunk with horror, that Conrad should remain in Silesia. The period of his return was protracted, and when he did return, it was not to give joy to a father's heart. That father was his rival! He claimed his grandfather's inheritance. He became morose and sullen.

It was precisely at that critical moment the Count had learned to doubt. "Conrad, ever meditative and silent from the first hour he presented himself to his parents, had on the second occasion, however different the circumstances, manifested the same reserve, the same abstraction, the same haughty distrust. He neither appeared to give nor take joy. Every eye had sunk before his, every voice had been hushed into silence. Neither his youth nor the grandeur of his person, or that lustre which attends the rights of an heir, had created any exultation at his presence. Even the most indulgent of his parents had discovered that he was not beloved; and the feelings of both had secretly assigned the reason—he was not capable of loving."

Finally, how shocking was it to one who was not entirely lost to virtue and feeling, and that one a father, to find, by the circumstances which developed his character and history, that this son, to whom he had clung with such fondness, was, and had been, no other than the leader of banditti, and that it was *he* who had murdered the Baron!! "Alas! was such then the darling son of Siegendorf; the promised comforter of his future life; the cherished being, on whom he had gazed in childhood, and so ardently desired to elevate to that point where fortune, in very malice, had now placed himself!"

"That Conrad was placed in a sphere far beyond his mother's influence, Josephine was deeply sensible; but her affliction was little tinctured with surprise. The habits of her mind, unlike those of Siegendorf, ever leading her to discriminate the sensations and opinions of others, created that nice perception of character, to which he

was a stranger. By an effect, therefore, less of judgment than of feeling, she quickly understood that of Conrad; and though sensible that there might have been hearts over which she would have possessed an influence at almost any period of life, she perceived that his was not of that description. This, with many other sorrows alike impossible to obviate, she endeavored to forget, or rather to confine to the sanctuary of her own bosom; for Josephine was no longer the creature of philosophy and solitude. Agitated incessantly by the turbulence of Siegendorf's character, yet thrown back upon herself, she had contemplated with an aching sensibility, and an observing judgment, that mass of inconsistency and suffering, by which life is disfigured. Successive conflicts had insensibly given to her own character a deeper but softer shade; and if it did not appear tinctured with sadness, it was because sadness itself took the color of resignation. The first fond love of a virtuous woman's heart is nevertheless a tenacious sentiment; hers, sanctified by every tie, had survived almost every disappointment. In ceasing, therefore, to feel with her husband, she had not ceased to feel for him; and the affections ever in some degree reward themselves, by the animating principle they create throughout the bosoms in which they are deeply felt.

"Magnificence, as far as it respected her own gratification, Josephine had never yet coveted. The first sorrow that ever assailed her, had been introduced by the remote prospect of it; but she believed it necessary to the felicity of her husband, and therefore rejoiced in the acquisition. By multiplying her sympathies, and extending her benevolence, it indeed afforded her a new spring of existence, while in her husband it seemed gradually to increase the apathy of a joyless heart."

Joyless indeed was the heart of Siegendorf! The last sad stroke was too much. He sunk to rise no more! Death conquered that spirit which no earthly power could subdue!

The virtuous, the equable, the excellent Josephine survived her manifold afflictions, and with the little Marcellin, who, unlike his father and brother, honored the name he bore, lived to enjoy the rich possessions of Siegendorf, and the homage always rendered to real worth.

M.

SYMMES' THEORY.

To the Editor of the National Gazette.
SIR,

Your paper of the 25th ultimo, contains an extract, wherein a reference is made to an interview which occurred at Newark, Ohio, between Major Long's exploring party and myself in 1823. The

animadversions therein contained seem to require some remarks from me.

Meeting so many literary gentlemen, who were engaged in scientific researches towards the N.W. I thought too good an opportunity of promoting the progress of my researches to let pass, without cultivation; especially, as I was acquainted with Major Long, and felt confident that his natural and acquired talents were very considerable.

The first advances I made on the subject being met with sufficient ardor to encourage continuance, much desultory conversation ensued. I did not calculate on making much impression on Major Long in favor of my Theory of the Earth; for I had formerly unsuccessfully made a similar essay when he passed to the west on his former expedition. Men whose minds are deeply laden with the knowledge taught in the schools, and who have acquired a considerable degree of celebrity therefor, are not, it appears to me, generally the most free from strong prejudices in favor of their early imbibed principles. But a hope of gaining more advantage than similar cases generally afford, excited me. This hope was founded on a degree of confidence I felt in his possessing, besides a well-informed mind, a very strong one. With what degree of correctness I drew these conclusions, the extract in question shows: there is, however, nothing in the extracted paragraph that in any degree lessens my friendly attachment for the writer; but, on the contrary, I conceive that it shews him to possess an admirable and praise-worthy frankness and decision; which characteristics, I wish were more common: were all others, who doubt the truth of my researches, to publish their reasons why they do not accredit them as frankly and palpably, the friends of the new system could know better how to proceed.

Whether I am insane (in any greater degree than is common to men in general) is not for me to decide. I refer that point to my acquaintance.

Were not Major Long's belief of my insanity an insuperable bar to a controversy in the field of argument, with the weapons of reason, I might meet his advance by an adducement of forcible facts; but unfortunately for me, his creed shields him from any attempt of reasoning on the system, for he could not consistently enter the lists to reply to any application of reasons originating from a source he held to be unsound; and, for me to advance on grounds upon which I knew he could not meet me, would, I conceive, be proceeding in an improper manner. Respectfully,

JOHN CLEVES SYMMES.

Newport, Ky. Oct. 16, 1824.

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

JAMES HOGG.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was the second of the four sons of Robert Hogg, and Margaret Laidlaw. His progenitors were all shepherds; but Robert, on his marriage, took a lease of the farms of Ettrick house, and Ettrick hall, and commenced dealing in sheep, which he drove both to the English and Scottish markets; but owing principally to the absconding of his principal debtor, he was ruined, and the parents of our poet were turned out of doors, without a farthing in the world. James was then in his sixth year, and well remembers the distress situation they were in; but the worthy Mr. Bryden, of Crosslee took compassion on them, took a short lease of Ettrick house farm, and placed Robert Hogg there as his shepherd. This worthy man, however, after supporting his family from want, for some time, was killed by a fall of a tree; and it was on this occasion that the mountain bard wrote his *Dialogue in a country church-yard*.

It could not be expected that James had made any great progress in literature; but the school-house being almost close to his door, he attended it, and was at the head of a juvenile class, who read the Shorter Catechism and the Proverbs of Solomon. After the next Whitsunday, being expelled from the farm, he was hired, at seven years of age, by a farmer, to herd a few cows. Next year his parents took him home, during the winter and put him to school, with a lad named Ker; here he got as far as the class who read the bible; before his quarier was out, he tried to write; and he tells us, "that he horribly defiled several sheets of paper with copy lines, every letter of which was nearly an inch in length."

The first time that the Ettrick shepherd attempted to write verses, was in 1793. As Mr. Laidlaw had a collection of some valuable books, James read them with attention, and when he understood them he began to write. In 1795, he began a comedy, in five long acts, called "The Scotch Gentleman;" where, as he humorously tells us, he read it to an Ettrick audience; they were convulsed with laughter, though, he modestly adds, he thinks the laughter was more at him than the circumstances of the plot.

In 1801 he went to Edinburgh, and lodging at Stratton, he found the landlord had a son deranged in his mind, whose behaviour was so extravagant, that he would attack the moon; this gave rise to his tale of *Sandy Tod*, published in the Mountain Bard, and certainly the best of all his early pieces.

Having completed his mountain Bard, a volume containing many interesting ballads and popular legends, he took it to Mr. Constable: who told him that poetry was the

worst stuff that came to market, but as he seemed a gay, queer chiel, if he would procure Constable 200 subscribers, he would publish the work, and give him as much for it as he could. Before the work was ready for publication, he got above 500 subscribers. Mr. Constable gave him half-guinea copies for them all, and a small sum over and above. He gave him also that same year eighty-six pounds for his celebrated work, entitled, "Hogg on Sheep."

He says he was nearly mad with being master of almost £300; he first took one pasture farm, and finding himself created, took another; and blundered and struggled on for two years, giving up all literature and poetry of every kind, and fairly run aground.

In February, 1810, he took his plaid about his shoulders, and marched to Edinburgh, determined to push his fortune as a literary man. But when he arrived at Edinburgh, he found his poetical talents rated as low as his qualities as a shepherd were at Ettrick. He applied to Mr. Constable to publish a volume of songs for him; Mr. Constable was rather averse, but at length published a thousand copies at five shillings each; but he gave the poet nothing. This volume was called "The Forest Minstrel."

He had now attained his 37th year, and was as ignorant of human life or manners as a child. He determined to push his fortune independent of booksellers; and to begin a literary weekly paper. He tried several printers, and offered them security to print it for him; but none of them would, without a bookseller's name as publisher. Mr. Robinson, a bookseller in Nicolson st. undertook it for him on his own terms, and the first number appeared on the 1st of September, 1810, price four-pence.

A great many were sold, and many were sent to be delivered gratis, but for which Robinson's boy had taken money: they shewed him the print, "to be delivered gratis." "Yes, yes," said the rogue, "I charge nothing for the delivery, but the paper must be paid for." The fourth number happened to be very indecorous, so that seventy-three subscribers gave up at once, and the literary ladies declared that James Hogg could not write a sentence fit to be read.

It is perhaps not generally known, that Blackwood's Magazine, was originally planned and instigated by the Ettrick Shepherd.

The following anecdote we cannot omit as it does such infinite credit to the heart of our deserved favorite, Sir Walter Scott: the Mountain Bard and Sir Walter had quarrelled, and they had not had any communication with each other for a twelve-month: Sir Walter heard that he was ill, and in danger. Every day, on his return from the Parliament House, he called at

Messrs Grieve and Scott's to inquire after his health, with the most friendly solicitude; and this, too, was after Hogg had renounced his friendship, and had told him that he held both it and his literary talents in contempt. One day Sir Walter asked if he had proper attendants and an able physician? He was answered in the affirmative. "I would fain have called," said the worthy knight, "but I know not how I should have been received." Then after requesting he might want for nothing, he added, "Poor Hogg, I would not, for all I am worth in the world that any thing serious should beset him!" Though Sir Walter had begged of Mr. Grieve not to mention what had passed, it came to the ears of the convalescent, who wrote an apology, waited on Scott, who heartily received him, and would allow of no reverting to past differences, and a complete reconciliation followed.

James Hogg was forty years of age in 1813, when he wrote the "Queen's Wake," and in 1820 he had written fifteen volumes, all bearing the stamp of extraordinary genius, and all of the most interesting and touching kind. He has also written many pieces for periodical works, and others that have never yet seen the day, but which we hope, will not be withheld from an admiring public.

—♦—
Authentic Records of olden Times.—The most ancient geographical chart which now remains as a monument of the state of science in the middle ages, is founded on a manuscript of the *Chronique de St. Denys*. There the three parts of the earth then known, are so represented, that Jerusalem is placed in the centre of the globe, and Alexandria near to it as Nazareth.

The easy and incessant intercourse betwixt all parts of Europe, in modern times, exhibits a remarkable contrast to the state of entire estrangement and ignorance of each other, in which the ancestors of all these nations lived and died. It is a fact on record, that so late as the beginning of the twelfth century, a transaction which concerned the monks of St. Martin and Tournay in Flanders, and the monks of Ferrieres, in the diocese of Sens, made it necessary for them to have some communication; but neither had any idea, where the participants in this mutual interest could be found. After a long, anxious and indefatigable search, the discovery resulted from accident. The art of printing has been the great instrument of patronizing the human race as sons of science, literature, and philanthropy. Previous to the eleventh century, manuscripts were more rare than gems of the first value are in our day. Even so late as the year 1471, when Lewis XI. of France borrowed the works of Rasis, an Arabian physician, from the faculty of medicine at Paris, he not only

deposited in pledge a large quantity of plate, but was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as his surety, in a deed, binding himself under a great forfeiture to restore the manuscript.

—♦—
Literary Fertility.—In Weber's Northern Antiquities, we find the following instance of literary application, which, taking all circumstances into consideration, is perhaps without parallel.

Hans Sacks was born in Nuremberg, in the year 1494: he was taught the trade of a shoe-maker, and acquired a bare rudimental education, reading and writing; but being instructed by the master-signers of those days in the praiseworthy art of poetry, he had at fourteen began the practice, & continued to make verses and shoes, and plays and pumps, boots and books, until the seventy-seventh year of his age: at this time he took an inventory of his poetical stock in trade, and found, according to his own narrative, that his works, filled thirty folio volumes! all written with his own hand; and consisted of four thousand two hundred manuscript songs, two hundred and eight comedies, tragedies, and farces, (some of which extended to seven acts); one thousand seven hundred fables, tales and miscellaneous poems; and seventy-three devotional military, and love songs: making a sum total of six thousand and forty-eight pieces, great and small: out of these we are informed he culled as many as filled three massy folios, which were published in the years 1558-61: and another edition being called for, he increased this to six volumes folio, by an abridgment from his other works.

None but Lope de Vega exceeded him in the quantity of his rythmical productions.

—♦—
Sound and Sense.—An astonishing instance of the necessity of attention to the sound, as well as sense, of literary composition, occurs in a song written by Dr. Harrington, whose productions, in that line of writing, are justly accounted among the most beautiful in our language. The song opens with "Ah! how Sophia," which it will be found extremely difficult to express either with or without the music, to produce any other sounds than those of A——house o' fire!

—♦—
Contrasts.—"The Comforts of Human Life," by R. Heron, were written in a prison, under circumstances of the greatest penury and distress—amidst privation and difficulty. The "Miseries of Human Life," by Beresford, were, on the contrary, composed in a drawing-room, where the author was surrounded by the good things of this world, in the very lap of affluence and prosperity, amidst scenes of cheerfulness

and good fellowship. A striking contrast will often too be found to exist between authors and their works; melancholy writers are sometimes the most jocular and lively in society; and humorists in theory, frequently the most lugubrious of all animals in practice. Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," was of extremely facetious manners, and excelled in sprightly conversation; the most dolorous poet of our own day, Lord Byron, was one of the most brilliant and humorous associates, when he condescended to mingle with the world.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

Anecdote of the French General Gilly.—GENERAL GILLY was one of the victims of the reaction in the south of France in the year 1815. Born in the department of the Gard, he, though himself a Catholic, was so well acquainted with the philanthropic sentiments of the Protestants of those parts, that, when persecuted, and a price set upon his head, he felt no hesitation to seek an asylum with one of them. A peasant at Toberargue, in the canton of Anduze, named Perrier, who subsists entirely by daily labour, received him into his cottage. No one inquired the name of the fugitive: the events of the times have accustomed these people to the sight of persons suffering persecution and needing protection.

It was agreed that the general should disguise himself and assume the character of Perrier's cousin. In this manner he passed several months at Toberargue, not without anxiety indeed, since the armed patroles appeared frequently and unexpectedly, and strictly searched the houses, especially of the Protestants. In such cases Gilly slipped away, often in the middle of the night, perhaps only half dressed, and hid himself in the fields or woods, till the unwelcome visitors had withdrawn. The general felt most severely the unpleasantness of this situation, of which he occasionally complained bitterly. This might probably have been the case one day, when honest Perrier had returned from the small town of Anduze. "You have reason to complain," observed Perrier, to comfort his guest: "in comparison with the poor people on whose heads I have heard a price set by the public crier, as on any other marketable commodity, you may think yourself fortunate. Two thousand four hundred francs are offered for Parson Brière's, two thousand four hundred for that of the late Mayor of Breese, and ten thousand for Gen. Gilly's."—"How!" cried the astonished general.—"Yes, ten thousand," repeated Perrier. The feelings of the fugitive may be better conceived than described. He strove to suppress them; and lest he should

betray himself to his honest host, of whom he entertained a slight mistrust, he seemed to consider for some time. He then addressed him in these words: "I am tired of this kind of life, and am determined to put an end to it. Hark you, my friend, you are poor, and can have no objection to earn money. I know General Gilly, and the place where he has concealed himself: we will denounce him—I demand my liberty for my reward, and you shall have the ten thousand francs."

At these words old Perrier was petrified: he was unable to reply. His son, a young man of twenty-seven, who had served in the 47th regiment of the line, and who had sat by the fire without taking any part in the conversation, now sprang up, advanced close to the general, and in a menacing tone, "Sir," said he, "we have hitherto taken you for an honest man, but if you are one of those execrable informers who plunge their fellow-creatures into destruction, there is the door; hasten away by it; or, by Heaven, I will throw you out of the window!" Gilly hesitated to go, and attempted to explain himself, but to no purpose. The soldier seized him, and to avoid the impending danger, he exclaimed, "Know then that I am General Gilly, for whose head the ten thousand francs were offered!"

The tumult of joy that now pervaded the humble family baffles description. Father, mother, children thronged round him, caressing him, and kissing his clothes: they implored him to remain with them, promising to sacrifice their lives in his defense. The general actually staid with them a considerable time longer, and when he quitted them, he could not prevail upon them to accept any remuneration for their hospitality; their fidelity it was impossible to repay. It was not till long subsequent to this event that he was allowed to make a substantial expression of his grateful feelings for the disinterested services of this worthy family.

The Duke of Ossuna.—The Duke of Ossuna, Viceroy of Naples, passing by Barcelona, and having got leave to release some slaves, he went aboard the Cape galley, and passing through the crew of slaves, he asked divers of them, what their offences were? Every one excused himself upon several pretences; one saying, that he was put in out of malice; another by bribery of the judge; but all of them unjustly. Among the rest there was one sturdy little black man; and the duke asking him what he was in for, "My lord," said he, "I cannot deny but I am justly put in here; for I wanted money, and so took a purse hard by Tarragona, to keep me from starving." The duke, with a truncheon he had in his hand, gave him two or three blows on the

shoulder, saying, "You rogue, what do you do among so many *honest, innocent* men? Get you out of their company;" so he was freed, and the rest remained still to tug at the oar.

nor since the days of Abraham and Sarah, and Joseph and Mary of Nazareth, has there ever been a family to which the human race has been more indebted."

LITERARY AND Scientific Notices.

A new work, by the author of *Waverly*, is announced. It is entitled "Tales of the Crusades."

William Mitford, Esq. author of the History of Greece, has lately published a volume entitled, "Observations on the History and Doctrine of Christianity; and, as historically connected, on the primeval religion, on the Judaic, and on the Heathen, public, mystical, and philosophical; the latter proposed as an appendix to the political and military history of Greece."

The Abbe de Pradt has published another political work, entitled, "Europe and America in 1822 and 1823."

J. F. Daniels, F.R.S. London, has lately published a work in 1 vol. 8vo. entitled, "Meteorological Essays and Observations," which is said to contain much new and valuable information in Meteorology, as well as Natural Philosophy in general.

The memoirs of Fouché have been recently published in Paris.

Periodical Tracts.—Mr. D. A. Borrenstein, of Princeton, New-Jersey, has just commenced the publication of a series of Religious Tracts, the matter for which is in part original,—partly to be made up of communications; and partly of selections from such writers as Baxter, Flavel, Owen, Newton, &c. The numbers are to be issued monthly, each to contain at least 24 pages, amounting every year to a volume of 390 pages. Price to subscribers fifty cents in advance.—*Western Recorder*.

Memoirs of the Wesley Family.—A work, says the New York Observer, has been recently published in England, entitled "Memoirs of the Wesley Family," by the Rev. Dr. Clarke. We have not had an opportunity of perusing it. A correspondent says:—

"It is admirably calculated to prepare the mind for the new biography of Reverends John and Charles Wesley, now in the press, and which, no doubt, will be an antidote to the deleterious work of Robert Southey, Esq. who in his life of Wesley has done his utmost to bring experimental religion into disrepute."

"In the concluding paragraph of the Memoirs, Dr. Clarke says, "Such a family I have never read of, heard of, or known;

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.

Law Department.—The Lectures and Exercises in this Department of the University will commence on the first Monday in November next, at the same time with those in Medicine and Surgery. It was expected that a regular Professor of *Natural and Civil Law* would have been procured; but this expectation has not been realized. The undersigned Professor will have therefore to perform the entire duties of the Department, unless, as he has hopes of doing, he shall be able to procure an assistant competent to discharge the duties pertaining to those branches. He will, in case he should be unaided, examine a class on them, if it shall be desired. Vattel and Brown's Civil Law will in such case be needed by the student. Common and Statute Law comprise the main object of this Department; and from the satisfaction evinced by the respectable number heretofore composing the Class, together with the present flattering appearances, he has every reason to believe the members during the approaching session will be increased rather than diminished. Blackstone's Commentaries, Reeves's Domestic Relations, Powell on Contracts, Newland or Comyns on the same, Peak's Evidence, (American edition,) or Phillips and Jone's Law of Bailments, will be peculiarly needed as text-books. The references, however, will be numerous. The books of the University, where there is a tolerable foundation of a Law Library, together with a private one of the Professor, of no inconsiderable extent, will be placed at the use of the students for reference.

The Matriculation fee for this purpose, and to cover contingencies, will be five dollars in currency of the state. The price of the single ticket of the Professor in his Department will be fifty dollars in currency, or twenty-five dollars in specie. If an assistant is employed, it will not exceed sixty dollars in currency for the services of both; which was the price last year. Moot Courts will be held once a week, for the improvement of the Students in speaking and the practice of Law, under the superintendence of the Professor. If the students choose to hold a Legislative Assembly weekly, as has been customary, any aid in his power relative to points of order, will be afforded by the Professor, although the Assembly will be under the control and directions otherwise of the students alone, and such other members as they may think proper to admit.

JESSE BLEDSOE, L.L.D.
Professor of Common and Statute Law.
Lexington, Ky. Sept. 20, 1824.

Summary.

Election.—Gen. Jas. Findlay is elected a Representative in the next Congress from this district, by a majority of 36 over Mr. Gazlay, the present Representative.

The following gentlemen are elected in Hamilton County, viz: STATE SENATORS, Clayton Webb, Nathan Guilford. REPRESENTATIVES, Micajah T. Williams, Samuel McHenry and Wm. Carey. SHERIFF, Wm. Ruffin. CORONER, David Jackson, Jr. COMMISSIONER, Israel Brown.

James Hudson, one of the persons concerned in the murder of Indians on Fall Creek, Ind. has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung on the 1st Dec. next.

The contract for clearing the Ohio and Mississippi rivers of sawyers and snags, under the proposals of the engineer department, has been decided in favor of the proposals of John Bruce, of Lewis county Kentucky, which were the lowest received.—The contract includes the Mississippi from St. Louis to its mouth, and the Ohio from Pittsburgh to its junction with the Mississippi.

GREECE.

The account of the re-taking of Ipsara and destruction of a portion of the Turkish fleet by the Greeks is confirmed. The following are given as the authentic particulars.

"Subsequently to the recapture of Ipsara, the Greeks having assembled a number of vessels of war, approached the Turkish fleet so close that they kept it in a state of blockade. The Captain Pacha then gave orders to attack, and seemed at first to have obtained some success; but during the action the Greeks succeeded with the aid of their fire ships, in setting fire to several frigates and brigs, which occasioned great confusion amongst the Ottoman fleet, and the Turks, after losing five frigates and corvettes, were compelled to resume their station in the waters of Mytilene, where they were preparing to sail for the coast of Asia Minor." Another account states in addition, that the Turks lost all their gun-boats and transports.

Accounts had been received in London of the ratification, by the Greek Government, of the treaty with the Greek Committee for a loan.

Great Britain.—The funds were on the rise, and from the abundance of money a further advance was anticipated, as payments of some of the largest foreign loans contracted in London would soon be completed. It was supposed by some that the three per cent. annuities would be raised to par. Among the rumours of the Stock Exchange, was one, "that the conduct of France towards South America, must spee-

dily embroil this country in a continental war; as it is said that the moment Louis was supposed to be assisting Spain in a new expedition for the subjugation of the South American States, he was arranging a secret treaty with the Columbian Government to the prejudice of British interests."

France.—Private letters from Paris represent the King's health to be in a very precarious state, and even go so far as to say that the King's physicians have given it as their opinion that his life would not be prolonged beyond the middle of September. Apprehensions were entertained by some, that his death would create political troubles—but these fears are idle. The Paris papers of the 4th, however, state that his Majesty's health had somewhat improved, and that he was able on that day to transact business with Count de Villele.

MATHEMATICS.

Please insert the following solution to the question in your last, and oblige

D.

SOLUTION.—To calculate the velocity, it must be as if it were a projectile discharged with the velocity acquired by descending through the height of the fluid. For when the aperture is in the side of the vessel, the fluid spouts out horizontally with a uniform velocity, which, combined with the perpendicular velocity from the action of gravity, causes the jet to form the curve of a parabola, and the velocity through any hole B, is such as will carry the water horizontally through a space equal $2 a B$; in the time falling through $a B$; but, after quitting the hole, it describes a parabola, and comes to the horizon or base in the time a body will fall through BK, or the remaining segment of the vessel; and to find this distance: Since the times are as the roots (Vide, page 216, Hutton's mathematics, vol. 2,) if the spaces therefore

$$\sqrt{aB} \div \sqrt{BK} \div 2aB \div 2\sqrt{aB \cdot BK}$$

in which formula substitute the segments of the proposed vessel and we have

$$\begin{aligned} 2\sqrt{aB \cdot BK} &= 2\sqrt{1.9} = \sqrt{4.9} = \sqrt{36} \\ 2\sqrt{aC \cdot CK} &= 2\sqrt{2.8} = \sqrt{4.16} = \sqrt{64} \\ 2\sqrt{aD \cdot DK} &= 2\sqrt{3.7} = \sqrt{4.21} = \sqrt{84} \\ 2\sqrt{aE \cdot EK} &= 2\sqrt{4.6} = \sqrt{4.24} = \sqrt{96} \\ 2\sqrt{aF \cdot FK} &= 2\sqrt{5.5} = \sqrt{4.25} = \sqrt{100} \\ 2\sqrt{aG \cdot GK} &= 2\sqrt{6.4} = \sqrt{4.24} = \sqrt{96} \\ 2\sqrt{aH \cdot HK} &= 2\sqrt{7.3} = \sqrt{4.21} = \sqrt{84} \\ 2\sqrt{aI \cdot IK} &= 2\sqrt{8.2} = \sqrt{4.16} = \sqrt{64} \\ 2\sqrt{aJ \cdot JK} &= 2\sqrt{9.1} = \sqrt{4.9} = \sqrt{36} \end{aligned}$$

From this also it appears, that the hole situated just $\frac{1}{2}$ way from the base to the top spouts furthest, as it spouts a distance equal the whole height of the vessel; and 2 holes that are equidistant, one from the top, the other from the bottom, spout a like distance.

Now the quantity discharged in any given time is equal to a column whose base is the area of the hole, and its length the space described in that time by the velocity acquired by falling the altitude of the fluid.

Therefore, if a = altitude of fluid.

and h = area of orifice.

also g = 193 inches.

we have $2h\sqrt{ag}$ = quantity discharged in a second of time, in which formula substituting the proposed values, we have

discharged from 1 upper hole	3.023+
2	4.272+
3	5.237+
4	6.046+
5	6.773+
6	7.406+
7	7.999+
8	8.552+
9	9.071+

Making the quantity discharged per sec. = $58.297+$ cubic inches $\times 600$ sec. $\div 282$ = 124.24 gallons discharged in 10 minutes.

QUESTION 1st. Suppose a cannon were discharged from a point A, it is required to determine how high in the air the point C must be raised above the horizontal line AB, so that a person at C, letting fall a leaden bullet at the moment of the cannon's explosion, it may arrive at B, at the same instant that he hears the report of the cannon, but not till $\frac{1}{5}$ of a second after the sound arrives at B.

Note.—Allowing sound 1140 feet per second, and that the bullet falls freely through the air.

QUESTION 2nd. The battering-ram of Vespasian weighed, suppose 10,000 pounds, and was moved, let us admit, 20 feet in one second of time, and this was found sufficient to demolish the walls of Jerusalem.

Quere.—Is it possible to discharge a 32 pound ball with sufficient velocity to do the same execution.

D.

To correspondents.—The lines to La Fayette require a great deal of revision and correction to render them fit for publication. The same remark is applicable to a number poetical communications on hand. Bad verses, and even such as are not positively bad, but merely indifferent, are now so common as to be of no value, unless written by authors who have given proofs that they can write well if they choose.

The Rev. George Dashiell, Rector of St. John's Church, Baltimore, will preach in the Vine-Street meeting house, on the ensuing Sabbath morning, at the usual hour.

Mr. DANIEL PARKER, will preach at the Court House to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock.

POETRY.

SELECTED.

PORTUGUESE HYMN

TO THE VIRGIN MARY, "THE STAR IN THE SEA."
Written at sea, on board the ship *Santo Antonio*.

Star of the wide and pathless sea!
Who lov'st on mariners to shine,
These votive garments wet, to thee,
We hang within thy holy shrine.
When o'er us flash'd the surging brine,
Amid the waving waters tost,
We call'd no other name but thine,
And hop'd when other hope was lost.

Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the vast and howling main!
When dark and lone is all thy sky,
And mountain-waves, o'er ocean's plain,
Erect their stormy heads on high,
When virgins for their true love sigh,
They raise their weeping eyes to thee;—
The star of ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the foundering bark at sea.

Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the dark and stormy sea!
When wrecking tempests round us rave,
Thy gentle virgin-form we see
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave,
The howling storms that seem'd to crave
Their victims, sink in music sweet;
The surging seas recede to pave
The path beneath thy glistening feet.

Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the desert waters wild,
Who pitying hear'st the seaman's cry!
The God of mercy as a child
On that chaste bosom loves to lie;
While soft the chorus of the sky
Their hymns of tender mercy sing,
And angel voices name on high
The mother of the heavenly king.

Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! at that blest name
The waves sleep silent round the keel,
The tempests wild their fury tame,
That made the deep foundations reel;
The soft celestial accents steal
So soothing through the realms of wo,
The newly damn'd a respite feel
From torture in the depths below.

Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the mild and placid seas!
Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,
Whose name thy faithful Portuguese,
O'er all that to the depths go down,
With hymns of grateful transport own,
When clouds obscure all other light,
And heaven assumes an awful frown,
The star of ocean glitters bright.

Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! when angel lyres
To hymn thy holy name essay,
In vain a mortal harp aspires
To mingle in the mighty lay;

Mother of God! one living ray
Of hope our grateful bosoms fires—
When storms and tempests pass away,
To join the bright immortal choirs.
Ave Maris Stella!

LINES

Written by a Young Lady on observing some white hairs on her lover's head.

Thou to whose power reluctantly we bend,
Foe to life's fairy dreams, relentless Time!
Alike the dread of lover and of friend,
Why stamp thy seal on manhood's rosy prime?
Already twining 'midst my Thyrus' hair,
The snowy wreaths of age, the monuments of care.

Through all her forms, though Nature own thy sway,
That boasted sway, thou'l here exert in vain;
To the last beam of life's declining day,
Thyrus shall view unmov'd thy potent reign,
Secure to please, whilst goodness knows to charm,
Fancy and sense delight, or sense and truth inform.

Tyrant! when from that lip of crimson glow,
Swept by thy chilling wing the rose shall fly;
When thy rude scythe indents his polish'd brow,
And quench'd is all the lustre of his eye;
When ruthless age disperses every grace,
Each smile that beams from that ingenuous face;

Then through her stores shall active memory rove,
Teaching each various charm to bloom anew,
And still the raptur'd eye of faithful love
Shall bend on Thyrus in delighted view:
Still shall he triumph with resistless power,
Still rule the conquer'd heart to life's remotest hour.

Calcutta Gazette, June 9th, 1781.

A UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Salt of the earth, ye virtuous few,
Who season human kind;
Admit my humble name with yours,
An equal rank to find.

Where Misery spreads her deepest shade,
Let my compassion glow;
From my blest lips the balm distil,
That softens mortal woe.

By dying beds, in prison glooms,
My frequent steps be found;
An angel let me hover near,
To bind the stranger's wound.

Be mine to wash with tears the page,
Which human crimes deform;
When vengeance threats, my prayers ascend,
And break the gathering storm.

As down the summer stream of vice
The thoughtless many glide;
Steer upward thou my steady bark,
And stem the rushing tide.

Where guilt her foul contagion breathes,
And golden spoils allure;

Unspotted still my robe be found,
My hands be ever pure.

Mine be the large expansive thought,
The high heroic deed;
Exile and chains to me be dear;
And count it sweet to bleed.

And let me lift the warning voice,
When public ills prevail;
Mine be the writing on the wall,
That turns the tyrant pale.

May dogs of hell my steps pursue,
With scoff, and shame, and loss;
The hemlock bowl be mine to drain,
To taste the bitter cross.

In earthly bonds, of mortal mould,
Be not the prize I ask;
Blameless in Heaven's pure eyes to stand,
Be my sole endless task.

SONG.

The Hindoo Maid, when her fond lover sails
At glory's call to tempt the dangerous sea,
Thus seeks to know if soft propitious gales
Will rise for him, where'er his vessel be.

A lamp within a radiant shell is plac'd,
(In which some sea-god had a fairy dream,)
And then 'tis launched upon the boundless waste
Of the bright Ganges ever-rolling stream.

Far as the eye can reach, if the light burns,
And scorneth from the shell to sever,
Her love—her enterprising love, returns;
But if it sinks—he's fled for ever.

Erne's damsels oft would place the plant,
That Nature loves, of purest emerald green,
Within some fruit-rind, or some nut-shell scant,
Yet pois'd upright, it was a distance seen.

Then trembling, hoping, to the Shannon's stream,
She flies to launch upon the shinig tide
The plant, which, brightened by the solar beam,
Looks like an emerald as it doth glide.

The wind blows fresh,—it saileth swift along,
Fleet from the heart flies all its wonted pain,
She utters Joy's tumultuous wild-rove song,
Her love shall bless her aching eyes again.

Oh! oft I think how sunless is our stream
Of life, that runs in passiveness along,
Though Friendship lends its fading taper beam,
Or hope enchant us with her fairy song.

Tis only woman's bright undying smile,
That can illumine as we onward glide,
Mock at Despair, and every grief beguile,
And light for ever life's dull languid tide.

WESTERN MUSEUM.

This evening MR. DORFEUILLE will deliver an introductory lecture on the 3d *Class Animals, AMPHIBIA, or REPTILES*, (properly so called,) and incidentally treat of the Amphibious animals generally.

Published on Saturdays by JOHN P. FOOTE,
at the Book store, No. 14, Lower Market Street,
at THREE DOLLARS per annum in advance.

A. N. Deming, Printer.